



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

My Life Went Up In Flames



orphan

fire

realisticfiction

29 1 2

Chapter 1 by Ashley Hagan

It was the sound of the roof falling that woke me up. The flames tore at me, and smoke clogged the air. "Cassidy! Jenna!" I screamed, choking on the mix of ash and soot and smoke that took the place of oxygen. My house was an inferno. "Mother! Father!" There was nothing but the roar of the fire. I felt like I was going to melt from the heat. "Luis! Harold!" I looked around and scrambled to the window. I leapt over flames. "Auntie! Grandmum! Grandfather!" I was on the second story of my house, but I flung myself out anyway and landed on the grass, passing out.

~~

When I woke up in the hospital, I heard that my bedroom had suffered the least of the damage, and I'd been the only survivor. I also heard that it wasn't an accident. My mum and dad and my two brothers and two sisters were dead. My only aunt and my grandparents were gone as well. They'd never trusted banks and always paid in cash, and that meant all our life savings were gone. I was an orphan without money or anyone to turn to for help. I'd been homeschooled, and there were no family friends, either. Just me, the wildest and craziest of the bunch, Anita Lois Owens. It was hopeless.

My life went up in flames. It had burned down to the ground, and I was the lone survivor.

[See more of Story Wars](#)[Chapter 2 by Ashley Hagan](#)["It's her!" called one of the](#)[Hayes.](#)["Quiet!" snapped the lady who was waiting for me, Madame Willow. "State your name!"](#)[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)[Talking with Inspector](#)

"Owens. Anita Lois Owens," I whispered. Madame Willow wrote it down.

Another orphan called, "It really is her!"

Inspector Hayes looked from me to Madame Willow, who was generating a constant bad atmosphere. "She is the only person of the family still alive. You must take good care of her."

"Of course, Inspector Hayes!" Madame Willow replied, pulling out a large stack of paperwork and instructing the wide-eyed Inspector on how to fill it out.

~~

About an hour later, Madame Willow collected the completed paperwork and showed me to my room with the other girls ages 5 to 15. I was thirteen, so that left me in good standing in the room. There were bunk beds lining the back wall, enough for fourteen kids. All but one showed signs of occupation. I assumed that one was mine. A young girl, age eight, looked at me shyly from her seat on the bed next to mine. "Hi. Are you really the famous Anita? I would've given anything to be famous!"

"I wouldn't have," I whispered.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account